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COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW YORK, April 19, 1899.

The Editor of THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC:

My Dear Sir.—You certainly deserve great praise and commendation for the excellence of your first number. *The Art Collector* arrived here first on Monday morning, and I had almost read it through before THE COLLECTOR came. The editor of *The Art Collector* seems to give some rather flimsy excuses for what seem to me to be practices in picture-selling whose propriety and honesty are at least questionable. From what I understand of the situation it appears that the last paragraph on page 178, relative to the purchase of pictures, is nothing more nor less than an obvious attempt at booming his own wares.

I notice that many of his criticisms are unnecessarily harsh, and so clearly unjust as to savor very much of spite. You have well depicted the man's character, and really do the art world a service in exposing his practices. While of course a critic should be impartial, unbiased, and above all should avoid toadying, he must avoid also vituperation and abuse, the so-called "ripping up the back." The article on the "Harris-Holbrook-Blakeslee Picture Combination" reminds one of the old paradoxical proverb of "Satan reproving sin."

As soon as your journal arrived I naturally read it with particular interest. I had not gone very far when my mental comment was: "THE COLLECTOR wins." Good luck to you! You are surely on the right track. There is no question at all about superiority, and I don't see how you can help having the sympathy and good wishes of all who know the facts.

Sincerely yours,

K.

Under the circumstances, I may be excused for publishing this cordial and flattering epistle. As I cannot begin to publish *all* the letters of this character received, this one will suffice.

* * *

To the Editor of THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC:

Sir.—We want to know the men coming on, the latest trend of art thought and art execution. We readers want to be instructed by men like yourself as to what is the true type of art evolving out of the mass of rubbish that is painted at the present day. It is no benefit to have all the art journals in the country going over the same platitudes about Corot, Millais, Jacob Maris, and others. It is most useful to know what Tom Jones, John Smith, and Harry Brown are doing, and which of these show genius in their work.

Knowledge of the personality and surroundings of the artist is valuable. Why buy a picture by a man whose day is spent, whose day if young is wrecked by one or more of many causes, whose promise of genius realizes only the early forced fruit of a tree whose trunk is blighted, when you can buy the fruit of vigor, genius, hope, ambition? Has the young man that in him which will mature normally, and are his personal surroundings such as indicate progression? If so, buy. The ripeness of genius is only for the wealthy. The green, half-formed plums are for the many. Hence the value of knowing your tree—where planted and how growing.

Give us the names of the younger coming men.

Yours very truly,

E. F. B. J.

TORONTO, ONTARIO, April 18, 1899.

This is a large contract. Nor do I think it possible, with justice to all, to execute it. Now and then I have called attention to just such men, in whom I have seen the hope of promise. For instance, I have mentioned the work of Granville W. Smith, of George Elmer Browne, of Irving E. Couse, of Frederick B. Williams. But there are others, and in future numbers, when occasion offers, I shall call attention to the work both of native and foreign artists, unknown, but in my opinion deserving of recognition.

I would greatly appreciate to have my attention called by those competent to judge to the work of men outside of New York city, for my own investigations.

The artist (entertaining some ladies and pouring tea)—"Say when."—*Fudge.*

* * *

Dryson—And you say that long-haired fellow there is a promising young artist?

Hessman—Yes; I've been told that in his brush his touch is extraordinary.

Dryson—Well, I'm inclined to think it's correct. He touched me or \$5 about a year ago.

STUDIO TALK

AND

GALLERY VISITS.

A MARINE painter's studio! The salt sea breezes come wafted from the canvas on the easels and against the wall. Turbulent waves, rolling fishing-smacks, brine-ploughing ocean steamers—here a life-buoy, there a dory, yonder a full-ship. See on that tempestuous stretch of water the reeling, spray-swept deck, jumping as if by magic into the arena of the green, pelting, and foaming amphitheatre, with her storm jib-sheet to windward, and a slender band of dark, close-reefed mainsail tearing at the quivering gaff, while she tosses the high spray of her bows at the rushing snow of the surges, chopping sharply down into the livid vortex and making it flash up in white spume that smothers her like the smoking spray of a great waterfall.

There again you hear the thunderous surge and the roar of the mountainous wave breaking upon the rocks under giant pressure, with the glittering ridge of phosphorescent sea in the distance. Then a wreck. The sun has vanished under an expanse of slate-colored cloud that hangs over the whole surface of the deep, which is like milk-white water. The helpless, abandoned hulk has fallen in the hollow of the swell, swaying from side to side with the creak of straining timbers as each ponderous liquid fold catches and heaves her over, the water bursting inboard in smoke through the scupper holes, sails blown in rags out of the bolt ropes, stanchions and chainplates gone, bulkheads sprung, the water-logged derelict is a toy to the dreadful splendor of the long heave of the sea, whose beautiful arching coils in all the gloom show yet with diamond-like flashings when the foam is chipped out of the emerald accivities by the keen teeth of the wind.

But not all scenes of storm, with masses of scud—torn, ragged, tendrill-shaped—with pyramidal billows, sooty clouds, seething tracks of foam, the tempest's fury.

Here has the sun as a noble magician with one stroke of his flashing wand converted the mystery of the dark deep into a glorious revelation of blue heights and splashing waters. There a little vessel under easy canvas lies softly leaning in the gloom, under the clear bright starlight. Then we see the dainty, dream-like picture of the tall and tapering rig of a handsome yacht floating under the tender sobering shadow of the night, or the bright, flashing brilliancy of the noon sun.

Standing amongst all these marines is James G. Tyler, the little, good-natured, always happily smiling artist of the briny deep. His first love for the vastness of the giant element dates from early childhood, when he traversed the great lakes aboard his grandfather's vessel, who was one of the oldest captains on our inland seas. Tyler has also studied for some years "the delirious bound that leaps from rock to rock" at Cape Ann, and is well qualified to work out the countless sketches and studies which he has made into those popular "sellers," which he has supplied to his admirers, ever since William Astor bought his first picture. Although there may be found in many of his pictures an undue desire to please, rather than ambitious effort, it must not be forgotten that some of his works will rank among the best seascapes ever produced.

* * *

One man's shows have this advantage over larger, miscellaneous exhibitions: that the artistic purpose is more sustained and consecutive in interest, hence more satisfying than the medley occasions. This again is noticed in the view had of the Alexander Harrison pictures at the Boussod-Valadon Galleries. The strongest stroke of his versatile brush is found in the remarkable, reflective transparency he is able to give to the water of ocean and inland stream. Not that he occasionally does not fall into combinations which, like the "Anvil Chorus," sometimes proves to be too sonorous for sensitive nerves. There is, for instance, shown here a turbulent stream, leaping and bounding over the rocks under overarching trees, where the colors of the palette somewhat overshoot the mark in a jumbling and bewildering confusion. "Les Mysteres de la Nuit," however, on the opposite wall, compensates for any failings and ramblings which I find in other efforts. There is indeed a mystery of fathomless depth beneath those waves while the naked boy, half wrapped about in the midnight haze, yet shows a form modulant of flesh and palpitant with warm life. The artist's *forte* by all means is the sentiment of the "dogwatch," but etherialized with poetic inspiration. A village street and a few landscapes show the range of Harrison's compositions of nature's beauties and dreams.

Overlooking aristocratic Washington Square, with its monumental Triumphal Arch, and the beautiful red old houses, is, or rather was, the den of W. Lewis Fraser—for he was packing his *larses et penates* to hie himself to his Massachusetts farm when I visited him a few days ago. His was the ideal *Artistia*, as Dr. Hunt would say, the real artist's home—juxtaposed to Philistia, its veneer. In that mélange of chippendale, pewter, Dutch copper, old arms, Japanese prints (no parasols), and a rich treasure of bric-à-brac, the genial ex-art manager of the *Century* was long at home. Now for the New England hills and breezy valleys, the ozone of health, rest after twenty years of editorial work, new vigor for the lyceum and lecture rostrum. And when we see him return late in the fall his grip will be heartier still, but his twinkling eye not keener.

While talking with him my hand fell on one of his treasures lying on his desk, which proved to be one of the oldest illustrated books in America of native manufacture. It is a little volume 6 inches long, 3½ inches wide, and ¾ of an inch thick, bound in dark green morocco, beautifully tooled: "Elegiac Sonnets, and other poems by Charlotte Smith, the first Worcester edition from the sixth London edition, with additions. Printed at Worcester by Isaiah Thomas, sold by him in Worcester, and by said Thomas and Andrews in Boston, 1795."

Isaiah Thomas, the publisher of this book, was one of the very earliest American printers. At the age of six, in 1745, he was already apprenticed. In 1812 he founded the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was himself an engraver, and engraved a series of wood-blocks for ballots and chapbooks, as the little books were called which were peddled about by the itinerant merchants from farmhouse to farmhouse by the *chapmen* or peddlers of the last century.

There are five copper-plate illustrations in this little volume, engraved by Thomas Seymour, after the original drawings from the English edition, and these plates also the earliest products of the needle. They are medallions set in an architectural square of varying design, with symbolic garland at the top of the medallion, and printed in a Sienna ink. It is one of those treasures so eagerly sought for by the true bibliophile.

* * *

The Wunderlich Gallery has been showing some water-colors and pastels by Kenneth Frazier and Bancel la Farge, which were fairly pleasing. La Farge is too closely following his father's work, especially noticeable in some of the landscapes with Japanese treatment.

* * *

Coleman's Capri Scenes are well worth a visit as they are shown at the Avery Gallery. Some of these are amateurish, others of a higher order. The Italian sky and key are well caught; the "garden interiors" are exceedingly decorative. The large charcoal drawing at one end of the room is strong, and has Doréesque freedom of line, with good technique in the shading.

* * *

The moment art became mercenary Pegasus balked.

"I'm no livery-stable horse!" he exclaimed, and vanished.

Some think the fabled steed of Apollo is gone forever, while others are inclined to the more hopeful opinion that he is hauling a milk wagon for his board somewhere and will be seen again when times pick up.—*Detroit Journal*.

* * *

The portrait of Augustus St. Gaudens's little son by John Sargent, which was in the recent Sargent loan exhibition, is now exhibited in the fifth picture gallery of the Museum of Fine Arts.

* * *

As a result of years of investigation, Mr. S. H. Kauffmann of Washington has collected data showing that there are in the whole world about 285 equestrian statues.

* * *

At the Berkeley Lyceum in West Forty-fourth Street an exhibition of miscellaneous character by the American Association of Allied Arts has been in progress for the past three or four days. Pottery, porcelain, leather-work, wood-carving, and even needle-work, form no small part of the display, but, as usual in exhibitions of this nature, picture-making constitutes the greater part. Most of the good things in this line here have been seen elsewhere and to better advantage, noticeably William Chase's three canvases, Mrs. Scott's flowers, two of C. W. Reid's studies of tone, a panel of porgies by Caroline W. Pitkin, and a water-color or two by W. Merritt Post. A full-length female figure in vivid crimson by F. Luis Mora; a dainty little still-life, No. 66, by E. Deen Gardiner; a bunch of pink roses by Frances S. Carlin; a hasty but interesting study head by Carolus Duran; a panel of grapes by Agnes D. Abbott, and some figures by Miss Brooks and Miss Bunker, are among the other more attractive numbers shown.

Will some Solomon in his wisdom go down to New Castle, Pa., to settle a mooted, perturbing question between the members of a congregation there, which is building a church? One parishioner offered to subscribe \$1,000 provided nothing but white glass was used in the windows. He wanted the pure, bright, and glorious sunlight of heaven to fall upon him when at his devotions. But another member of the church said he would give \$1,000, and even more, if the windows should be of colored glass. He wanted the light and shadows that play about him to be softened by the beautiful and delicate tints of the glass-stainer's art.

"Here is a pretty mess," as Koko would say. I would side with the colored man—I mean the man who is for color. They put now violet glass over greenhouses, to raise peculiarly affected plants and vegetables. It has been suggested to put scarlet fever patients in a room, the windows whereof are glazed with carmine panes, although a physician friend of mine tells me that he never heard of this method as a therapeutic agent, and ascribes the suggestion to some one who wears rose-colored spectacles.

Nevertheless, the introduction of stained glass windows in a church I believe to be greatly conducive to the devotional spirit, especially in a country church in summer time, if the windows give a full view of the road, and there are in the congregation those who like to go awheeling.

I suggest to consult J. & R. Lamb, whose designs are so clever that both benefactors might be satisfied, and the aim of the perplexed Building Committee be accomplished in securing *both* subscriptions.

* * *

The other day I bought at a second-hand bookstall a copy of "Flying Visits," by Harry Furniss, for the pen-sketches which it contains. When examining the book at home, I found a curious bookplate pasted therein, reading as follows:

He who lendeth a book taketh chances.

To take chances is to gamble.

It is wicked to gamble.

Kind friend, ye who seek to borrow, tempt me not to sin.

This book is No. 181

of the

Private library of Arthur T. Vance.

I like to return this book to Mr. Vance (after I have read it), in case it should have gotten on that bookstall by means of his own sinning.

* * *

Philately has received great encouragement by the exhibition which was closed a few days ago in Brooklyn at the Art Galleries in Montague Street. Medals and prizes were awarded for the best exhibits as follows:

President Charles R. Braine received the bronze medal for the best showing of United States postage, including departments, dues, and newspapers. He has the stamp issues of the Federal departments absolutely complete and in magnificent condition, among them being the \$5 unused State issued in 1875. Clarence H. Eagle, who is said to own what is probably the finest collection of revenue in Greater New York, was an easy winner of the bronze medal in the revenue group. Many of Mr. Eagle's stamps are in imperforate pairs. One small frame shown by him, and containing all the rarities in proprietary stamps, is valued at \$1,000. The medal in Group C was won by David S. Wells, with a complete collection of the stamps of Porto Rico; that in Group D by George W. Ring, for issues of minor British colonies in the Western Hemisphere. Among the exhibits of Old World issues Dr. T. P. Hyatt won a medal in Group A for a very complete illustration of Norway and Sweden; Joseph Holland, in Group B, for Sarawak and Siam, both used and unused issues being shown. An exhibit which was well worth looking at was by Edgar Nelson, a dealer, who deservedly carried off the professional medal for his stamps of British North America and Canada, comprising the world's earliest issues for that portion of Victoria's domains. Newfoundland is complete, with its famous rare orange and vermilion issues. In evidence, also, is the 12-penny black of Canada, valued by collectors at \$500. Mr. Nelson showed half-a-dozen frames, the aggregate value of which exceeds \$6,000. Mrs. Frederick A. Hoyt, with her stamps of Brazil, Mexico, Argentine, Canada, and Newfoundland, earned the medal for the best woman's exhibit. Miss Elizabeth Nostrand, daughter of P. Elbert Nostrand, a member of the Section on Philately, with stamps of France, Belgium, and Brazil, captured a like honor in the class for boys and girls under eighteen.

From the leaders of impressionism to Corot is not such a long step as some may think. Both sing nature's song through the color gamut. High or low, staccato or scherzo, the sensuousness of interpretation is in both. There was therefore no incongruity when an exhibition at the Durand-Ruel Galleries in Paris of the works of Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley was followed by one of some of Corot's canvases. These exhibitions took place during April.

Mr. F. A. Muller-Ury has completed various portrait commissions, and will leave in a few days his London studio in the Pembroke Gardens, Kensington. He is a limner of taste and discrimination, and deservedly popular with his sitters.

Elihu Vedder has had on exhibition at the Messrs. Dowdeswell Galleries in London his original drawings illustrating the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, which are masterly in conception and highly lauded by English critics.

"Who is that man in the corner of the café?"
 "He is an artist," replied the old German. "So are all of them artists who come here."
 "Is he a musician?"
 "No," was the reply.
 "A painter?"
 "No."
 "A poet or novelist?"
 "No."
 "What kind of an artist is he, then?"
 "Oh, he's just an artist. He's poor, you know."

An important addition to the Clausen Galleries will be completed with the opening of the new season next fall, when a new top-lighted chamber will provide an inner sanctum for the display of such exceptional paintings as deserve artistic exclusiveness.

There is now on exhibition a remarkably interesting collection of drawings by Gustave Doré, purchased by Mr. Henry Mosler, the New York artist, at the famous French illustrator's studio in 1885. These drawings are principally sketches from studies for the more extended works with which we have all become familiar. These pencil sketches show the mastery of graceful line and forceful expression whereby Doré became the orator of art. They are worthy of careful study.

J. Allen St. John comes from an artistic family; he represents the third generation of artists of that name. His artistic nascence dates from the days when he played with the old brushes in his mother's studio. At the Art Student's League he imbibed that dexterity of brush which enables him to present fittingly the pictorial dreams of his mind. His portrait of Caroline Miskell Hoyt was exhibited at the last Portrait Show and attracted attention; as good work is found in two I recently saw on his easels of Miss Whiteside and of Mrs. Frances Hatfield.

That juries of admission do not appear to be the court of final resort, but that Hanging Committees have the power to influence the notice, "declined with thanks," is proved by his "Alice in Wonderland," which passed the jury but could not find room in the Society of American Artists' Exhibition. It is a pity, for the painting would have stood well up in that display, and I could point out a half dozen canvases of the same size that could have been spared to greater satisfaction to the beholders. A young girl of about ten years is depicted sitting in a high-backed chair, her hands resting on the arms of the chair. In her eyes is the far-away look which sees the fairy visions of which she has just read in the story books scattered on the floor at her feet. The whole is in a quiet color scheme, and of a serious impression. There is excellent drawing; the background is unobtrusive.

The artist will soon leave for his summer ramblings, intending to spend most of his out-door study time at Oyster Bay.

The Macbeth Galleries offer a display of the works of the late Richard Pauli, who died in 1892, at the age of thirty-seven. His work well deserves recognition. Although there is a marked similarity both of composition and color in many of the canvases, these offer still quiet and restful landscapes of some merit.

"Les extrêmes se touchent" was well shown in the Mendonca collection recently sold. With some work of marked excellence there was a noticeable array of inferior and doubtful quality. There were

too few really good canvases to make the collection of much importance, the Byron and Napoleon relics exciting perhaps the most interest to the collector of curious and historical art objects.

A little pamphlet reaches me containing "Notes on Bookbinding," by Henry Blackwell, of University Place, which is well worth perusal. Some valuable hints therein contained treat of the sewing of books, the decoration of books, leathers, and various minor memoranda. It may be had on application.

The sale of the Arbuthnot porcelains attracted a good attendance, among which were noted some of the best connoisseurs in this city. Jade vases, hawthorn-jars, soft paste and brown crackle ware, with *clair-de-lune* and peach-blow vases, contributed to the riches of this notable collection, which brought good prices, a total of \$21,106 being realized.

Dr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt will sail on the 6th inst. for France and Holland, where a bicycle tour will be undertaken. An interesting foreign correspondence may be expected, which will appear in successive numbers of this journal during the summer months.

Mrs. S. B. Cooman has also flitted to the country scenes of *plein air* and hazy hillside. Her work this past season has attracted merited attention.

Frank Russel Green, who, as announced in the last number, is soon to leave for Paris, has promised to send me some letters from the gay capital, which will furnish some interesting reading, and be an appreciated addition to our foreign correspondents.

Ardma O'Donnchaith, a great friend of artists, who has contributed much to the musical enjoyment of Lotos and Salmagundi Club gatherings, will give a musicale on the 5th of May, at Assembly Hall on Fifth avenue, which undoubtedly will be patronized by his many brush friends.

The prize, \$125, offered by Mr. S. T. Shaw at the Black and White Exhibition of the Salmagundi Club, was deservedly awarded to E. Irving Couse for his beautiful oil of a coast scene at Etaples. It was a distinct composition, put down with spirit and sure touch. The aerial perspective and planes may, perhaps, not have been above questioning, but the *ensemble* presented a picture with all the modulations of color and pictorial effect.

At this artist's studio I was delighted to find many canvases which show how Couse, with hard work, will surely be heard from with great credit. His studies among the Nez Percé Indians of Oregon have produced some excellent work. A view of Seattle harbor, with Alaska Indians coming to the wharves in their boats, presents a scene of animation carried out in a satisfactorily technical method.

At the annual meeting of the Art Students' League, held recently, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Edwin C. Taylor; Vice-Presidents, Miss Ethel J. Wheeler and Walter G. Hall; Board of Control, Howard E. Giles, Antonin C. Skodik, and Miss Zella Milhau. The annual exhibition will be held on May 6th and 7th, and the annual reception on May 5th.

The Blenner portraits displayed at the Oehme Galleries are far from satisfactory. They are reminiscent of the Madrazo portraits in their coloring, but are harder in touch than those of the French artist. Some of the ideal heads are better than the limnings. The most ambitious effort is the presentation of "Madame Nordica as Brunhilde," which, with a few good technical points, lacks the sympathetic *esprit* of "Our Widow," nor can it be even called a striking likeness in the features of the face.

More acceptable are the two portraits which Kraushaar shows. They represent Mrs. George Inness, Jr., and Mr. Milton P. Bagg, and are from the brush of Julia Haven, who has recently returned from abroad. The man's portrait is by far the best, though both have good quality, leaning somewhat to sombreness of tone.

My desk is well covered with the periodicals received, from among which I like to notice a few.

The *Bibelot* for May, that ever-welcome duodecimo published

by Thomas B. Mosher, contains some of the poems of Arthur Hugh Clough, the Scholar Gypsy of English literature. The fascination of his character is well explained in the lines:

"Some life of men unblest
He knew which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead."

The "Songs in Absence," "Easter Day," and other poems are reprinted. For June we are promised again some of the delicious writings of Walter Pater.

The Magazine of Art has as frontispiece a reproduction of the Rembrandt recently acquired by the National Gallery, which gives a fair presentation of this important masterpiece, which for sixty-two years has been hidden from public admiration. It belonged to the De Saumarez estate. The articles on Edwin Austin Abbey, which have been entirely appreciative, are here concluded. George Somes Layard contributes a strikingly illustrated article on "Our Graphic Humorists: W. M. Thackeray." The half-tone illustrations are of course a feature of this number.

Brush and Pencil is a Chicago publication devoted to the arts and crafts, which in its April number gives a variety of good articles, against one of which I take exception. It is the one by Mabel Key on "The Passing of the Poster," in which posterdom is treated in a reminiscent, historical way, as if it has had its day as a fad, whereas I believe it to be a cult but in its infancy in this country, where it will soon attain like importance as in Europe.

This leads me to take up that admirable London monthly devoted to the Poster, carrying this title. A recent number gives articles on Walter Crane, Grun, Carton Moore Park, Norman Maclean, and Dudley Hardy, all of whom have made a name in this branch of art. The numerous illustrations in half-tone and colors make one long more and more for the time to come when our hoardings may be graced, instead of disgraced, by artistic designs.

Another London publication is *The Journal of Decorative Art*, which, although more or less of a trade journal, gives yet some important information on various topics.

Further to mention is *Current Literature*, which yet devotes a few pages to art matters—all too few to do justice to this nearly sister of the literary muse.

THE LAST "UNION LEAGUE" SHOW.

IT would have been better had this show been omitted. It somewhat detracts from the glory of previous attainments. Much that is passable is hung. The only pictures which I deem worth mentioning are the four old pictures. The Pieter de Hooghe, "Een Boterham" (a sandwich), although not one of the best examples of this master of light and perspective, is still interesting. The two small cabinets by Pieter de Bloot are unique. Someone would have put a high-sounding name like Teniers or Jan Steen to this one of the "little masters." These pictures are the purest examples of this artist, are strikingly clear and, I believe, the only ones in this country. Constable has a fine landscape, in that free and breezy way of his, where palette knife is used as oft as brush, only indicating here and there what he wishes to express, yet so powerfully done that the *ensemble* portends the ideal of landscape art.

THE REFORM CLUB EXHIBITION.

IF successive exhibitions at the Reform Club are in any way like the first one held, there will be a distinct addition to the artistic enjoyment of the metropolis. The selection of the pictures hung in this loan exhibit was matchless, and the untiring energy of Messrs. Louis Windmuller and Hermann Schaus has brought together a collection which, though coming at the end, is by no means the least of the club shows of this season.

A superior and distinctive treat is to see again the famous "Fisherman" of Frans Hals, loaned by Mr. A. Augustus Healy, which came originally from the Schaus sale. The broad and vigorous brush-work of this Dutch master has never been surpassed. It were futile to enumerate all the excellent numbers of the catalogue of half a hundred, to which Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, Anson Phelps Stokes, George A. Hearn, J. W. Ellsworth, Carl H. de Silver, and others, have contributed.

There is an exquisite example of Blakelock, a wood interior, simple and natural in composition, of magnificent coloring; a beautiful Corot shows "Le Pecheur" in that subtle poetry of half light, half haze. "Une Jeune Fille," by Greuze, is liquid, and a representative example. The "Caritas" of Prof. Ludwig Knaus is well known by its reproductions, and belongs to the better class of Dusseldorf pictures

like the Stammel, called "Sir John Falstaff" which would be better without a title, as it is one of those types from which a story detracts. The excellent modelling and expressive lines of this cabinet make it a unique painting, not overfinished but thoroughly suggestive. The Daubigny is unusually full of color, while the samples by Dupré and Rousseau are among the best ever seen.

The lighting in the gallery could be somewhat improved upon, which is about the only thing adverse that can be said of this interesting and commendable exhibition.

FLIMFLAM ART IN FLAUNTY FRAMES.

WITH the advent of prosperity a desire to beautify our homes with works of art begins to reawaken. The careful buyer who is not himself an expert will seek the advice of one, selecting with his assistance, from the studio of reputable artists or dealers, what pleases his and his family's taste. Whoever neglects to exercise care is apt to be fleeced by a band of villains who manufacture and sell deceptive imitations to the detriment of:

1. A constantly growing number of amateurs, whose minds would be elevated by possession of the genuine art they covet if they were not clouded by base counterfeits.

2. Honest purveyors of real paintings.

3. Worthy artists, many of whom would be glad to sell good work for prices which swindlers now obtain for daubs.

Spurious pictures, made abroad, imitations of the work of known foreign artists, are imported constantly and sold openly. Signatures of such men as Diaz and Corot have carefully been placed on the canvas; the artist cannot complain, because he is dead or absent. The buyer first congratulates himself on his bargain; discovery that he has been duped seldom begins to dawn on him before he has parted with his money, when he finds discretion the better part of valor; where the vendor has offered no guarantee, the buyer has no redress.

In this country fake pictures are manufactured for a mere pittance by starving painters in the hidden studios of crafty dealers. They bear names of imaginary artists, often resembling the names of those which have some reputation, but with different spelling or initials. Generally their pleasing aspect (pleasing to the uninitiated) is enhanced by gaudy frames, the sale of which often is of greater importance to the dealer than of the daubs they inclose. Our patrons of art are too easily bribed by the dress in which they see it presented; young artists who cannot afford to buy frames are too much at the mercy of frame-makers. Meritorious work often brings less than it has cost to frame, and I know a good landscapist, who against inclination married a woman older than himself, because she provided frames for the pictures he could not otherwise sell.

Spurious paintings are freely sold by licensed auctioneers or dealers in the principal thoroughfares of all our large cities; in country towns by smooth-tongued travelling salesmen, who in hotel parlors captivate gullible hayseeds with the flashy baubles they exhibit. Among feasible measures which might be taken to suppress this traffic, societies of experts could be formed and chartered by acts of the Legislature "for the protection of art." Their presiding officers should on the complaint of any victim be empowered to prosecute auctioneer or dealer who designingly has imposed upon him. All work made to deceive and found in his possession should be destroyed, his license and other privileges be revoked, and he should be punished according to the statutes of frauds in the respective States or community in which it has been perpetrated.

Such associations might be endowed to assist the poor artist who deserves help; but without other assistance, a suppression of the false would go far to encourage the producers of true art.

LOUIS WINDMULLER.

HOW TO FRAME A PICTURE.

HINTS as to the framing of pictures are in place every few years.

Taste develops, and frames that were in general use twenty-five years ago are now rejected as hideous. Heavy black walnut mouldings were then used for charcoal and crayon drawings at all exhibitions. Nothing else was thought of, and any rebellion against the tradition of the framer was fraught with peril to the artist. Now such frames are only attic lumber. The aim of framing is not to exhibit the frame, but the picture, to make the picture look its best. Hence anything that calls off the attention from the picture to the frame should be avoided. The frame must become the picture, be subordinate to the picture, and be well made and strong enough to hold the picture. A good oil-painting deserves a rich, elaborate frame. The bright gold of the frame only sets off and becomes the color of the painting. If placed in a shadow or shelter box, the lining of the box should be in harmony with the gold frame, of some